

SOMEBODY IN MY BED.

"I believe, captain," said the doctor, "I never told you my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures."

"No, let's have it," replied a short, flabby man of about fifty, with a nervous temperament, and a very red face.

"I boarded at a house in which there was no female except the landlady and an old colored cook."

The captain, by way of requesting him to go on, said "Well."

"I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labors of deep study, and dispel the ennui to which I was subject."

"Well!"

"One evening after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy, and after dissecting a large negro, fatigue in body and mind, I went to my lodgings."

"Well!"

"I went into the hall, took a large lamp and went directly to my room, it being then after 1 o'clock."

"Well!"

"I placed the light on the table, and commenced undressing. I had hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted to a frock and a quantity of petticoats lying on the chair near the bed."

"Well!"

"And a pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course I thought it strange, and was about to retire—but then I thought it was my room and I had at last a sight to know who was in my bed."

"Exactly so," said the captain.

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. Heavens, what a sight. A young girl—I should say an angel—of about eighteen, was in there asleep."

"Well!"

"As I gazed upon her, I thought I had never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a little nightcap, rivaling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulder of alabaster."

"Well!" exclaimed the excited captain.

"Never did I look upon a bust so finely formed. I took hold of the cover-lid and softly pulled it down."

"Well!" exclaimed the captain, "make haste?"

"She had on a night-dress, buttoned up before, but softly I opened the first two buttons."

"Well," said the captain, "how now?"

"And then, ye Gods, what a sight to gaze upon—a Hebe—pshaw, words fail. Just then—"

"Well!" said the captain, "I'm in suspense."

"I thought I was taking a mean advantage of her; so I covered her up, seized my coat and boots, and slept in another room."

"It's a lie!" shouted the excited captain, jumping up and kicking over his chair—"It's a lie! certainly."

A CLAY COUNTY GHOST STORY.

A correspondent of the Kanawha Journal relates the following:

A few days after a Sunday snow storm, during the past winter, the Rev. Daniel Schoonover and the Rev. George Arbogast were ascending Elk river in one of those celebrated packets familiarly known as "canoes." Late in the afternoon they cast anchor at the mouth of Peter's creek, in Clay county, where they took immediate possession of an unoccupied house, known as the "Whaggy House."

The evening being quite cool, they provided an abundance of fuel, started a roaring fire and began to prepare supper and congratulate each other with the comfort they were about to enjoy, when lo! an unearthly sound grated discordantly on their ears; supposing the noise in the rear of the chimney to be only a resident varmint, they mustered their limited courage, sallied forth to discover if possible, from whence the frightful sounds proceeded; arriving at the rear of the chimney aforesaid, pausing for a moment to suppress, if possible, the audible working of their hearts, they heard the same unnatural sounds in the house. They hastily returned; when a horrible stench presented itself to their olfactory nerves, which one averred smelled like an old barrel of sour kraut, and the other said, sulphur, so hastily seizing their cooking utensils they immediately decamped, and boarding their craft and weighing anchor, rowing at the rate of about 40 knots an hour, they soon arrived at Brother Ralph Smyth's where they entered in a very unmillitary style, overcome with fear and great trembling, with eyes dilated to about the size of ordinary dog-wood blossoms. The dismal tale they related about the haunted house and their hairbreadth escape. The news soon spread over the neighborhood, when D. Brown, who is celebrated for his reckless daring, heard the news of a haunted house in the neighborhood; he instituted a voyage of discovery, and after carefully examining the premises he found out the cause of all the fright, which he gives as follows:

The side walls of the fire place having been made of flag stones, there was a cavity between the outside wall, and a flag having previously fallen out, the rats had

taken possession, and the aforesaid gentlemen's fire cut off their outside communications, they were literally roasted to death, and their dying groans produced the horrid noise they heard, and their parched tails the infernal smell.

BOY AGAIN.

A company of gentlemen were not long since whiling an evening away by singing songs and relating anecdotes, when one asked for the song of "Would I were a boy again;" at which "Old Plute" (John K. Lovejoy,) who was present, broke out as follows:

"A boy again! Who would be a boy again if he could; to have the measles, mumps and itch; to get licked by bigger boys, and scolded by elder brothers; to stub your toes; to have the belly-ache from swallowing cherry stones; to have chapped hands and frozen toes; to slip on the ice; to do chores; to get your ears boxed; to get spanked with a slipper; to get whaled by a thick-headed schoolmaster; to be made to stand up as the 'dunce' for the amusement of the school; to have visitors come to school and tell you how miserably weak and stupid you were when you were born, and to ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in your life if your parents had not been so patient with, and kind to you, (of course, it was all one's fault that he was born, and his parents were in no way concerned or interested in the matter;) to eat at the second table when company comes; to set out cabbage-plants because you are little, and consequently it won't make your back ache much; to be made to go to school when you don't want to go; get spelled down in school; to lose your marble; to have your sled broken; to get hit in the eye with frozen apples and soggy snowballs; to cut your finger; to lose your knife; to have a hole in the rear of your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you; to be called a coward if you won't fight at school; to be whaled at home if you do fight at school; to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy; to have no fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas; to want a piece of bread-and-butter with honey and get your ears pulled; to be kept from the circus when it comes to town, and when all the other boys go; to get pounded for stealing roasting ears; to get run by bull dogs for trying to nip water-melons; to have the canker rash, catclism and stone-bruises; to be called up to kiss all the old women that visit your mother; to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own dear sister; to be told of what scorching times little boys will have who tell lies and are not like George Washington; and—why, who'd be a boy again?"

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest of her life. It is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of present enjoyments. She quits her home and her parents, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for affection, for kindness and for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided; the sister to whom she has dared to impart the embryo thought of feelings; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor, and the young children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate—are all to be forsaken at a fall stroke—every former tie is loosened, the spring of action is changed, and she flies with joy in untrodden paths before her; honeyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness of come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes, who treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment and watchful protection of home, who can, coward like, illustrations which had her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.

MARRIED MAN.

There is an expression in the face of a good married man who has a good wife, that bachelors cannot have. It is indescribable. He is a little nearer the angels than the prettiest young fellow living. You can see that his broad breast is a pillow for somebody's head, and that little fingers pull his whiskers. No one ever mistakes the good married man. It is only the erratic one who leaves you in doubt. The good one can protect all the unprotected females, and make himself generally agreeable to the ladies, and yet never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

A BABY.

A baby is a problem propounded by the world, to be solved by time. Typographically speaking, a short article with small caps. Graphically speaking, a morsel of humanity, which is generally the admiration of one sex and the aggravation of the other. Philosophically speaking, moral lessons in long clothes, 'et before us to remind the greatest of what they once have been, and to worry the irritable old bachelor.

The side walls of the fire place having been made of flag stones, there was a cavity between the outside wall, and a flag having previously fallen out, the rats had

HENRY ROSENHEIM. HENRY GUGGENHEIMER.

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Jacob Spaur and Jacob Bott.

6th district—near McCoy's Store,
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7th district—head of Big Skin Creek,
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9th district—Hilly Upland Run,
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Having made arrangements to go into business further South, I to-day offer my entire stock at

COST PRICES.

including
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
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GROCERIES.

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Knowing Themselves Indebted to Me will please call and SETTLE THEIR ACCOUNTS AT ONCE, as it is important to me to close my business here as speedily as possible.
P. L. KENBLE.
Weston, Monday, June 13, 21.

WEST VIRGINIA TO-WIT:

At rules held in the clerk's office of the circuit court of Lewis county, on the first Monday in June, 1870,
George J. Arnold, plaintiff,

vs.
Wm. McAnale and Peter McAnale, Def'ts,
In chancery.

The object of this suit is to enforce a vendors lien against a tract of 125 acres of land, lying in Lewis county, sold by the plaintiff to the defendants.
And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Peter McAnale is not a resident of this State, and he not appearing, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what may be necessary to protect his interest in this suit.
A copy test:
June 13-41 ALLEN SIMPSON, Clerk.

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NEW DRUG STORE.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Weston and the surrounding country that he has just opened, at his old stand on Main street, in Weston, an entirely new stock of

FRESH, PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

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WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKIES, GINS

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TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

&c., &c., &c.

In short, everything usually found in a first class drug Store. His stock has been carefully selected, and is warranted as represented.

NO STALE AND WORTHLESS

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ORDERS from country dealers and Physicians solicited, and promptly attended to.

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W. G. BENNETT & ER. RALSTON, Agent at Weston.

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All kinds of LEATHER,

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